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FORBES

PENNINGTONS: PIONEERS
OF EARLY ARIZONA





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THE PENNINGTONS

PIONEERS OF EARLY ARIZONA

A HISTORICAL SKETCH

BY

ROBERT H. FORBES

PUBLISHED BY THE
ARIZONA ARCHAEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

1919

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LARCENA PENNINGTON (MRS. WM. F. SCOTT), about 1872.

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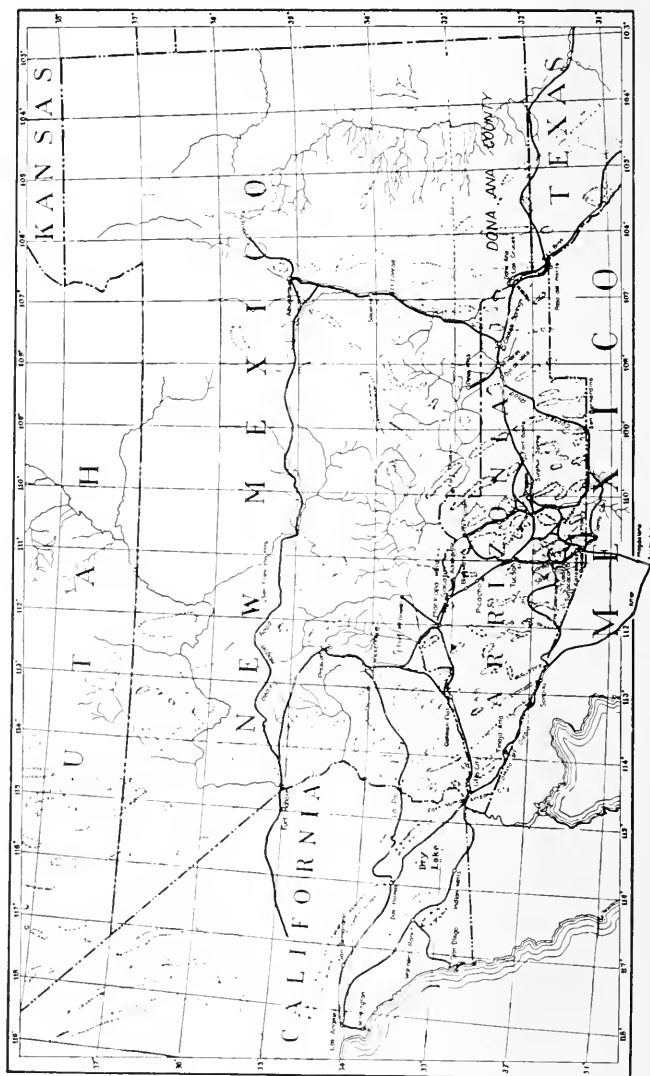
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MAP OF NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA.

THE PENNINGTONS

About the year 1832 two of the common people, Elias Green Pennington of South Carolina and Julia Ann Hood of North Carolina, young and of good courage, joined fortunes for better or worse and turned their faces westward with the tide of emigration that followed in Boone's footsteps across the Appalachian ranges, through the dense forests of Kentucky and Tennessee to the Mississippi.

The young people made their first home near Nashville, where they engaged in pioneer farming for about five years. But the West again tempted them; they loaded their household goods and farming tools upon wagons drawn by slow moving oxen, and, with their three young children, Jim, Ellen and Larcena, started for Texas, whose independence had recently been achieved, and whose vast extent and unknown resources attracted the adventurous spirits of that day. After a journey of many camp fires the hopeful and vigorous young family settled on new land near Honey Grove, Texas, about forty miles east of Bonham in Fannin County. Here Pennington remained about fifteen years, farming and freighting from Shreveport and Jefferson to Bonham. The growing family soon increased to twelve children, eight girls and four boys,—an ac-

tive, resourceful, strong-willed sort, no doubt,—well suited to the exigencies of frontier life, which in Texas at that time was not without danger from the Comanches, and close to the incidents of the Mexican War.

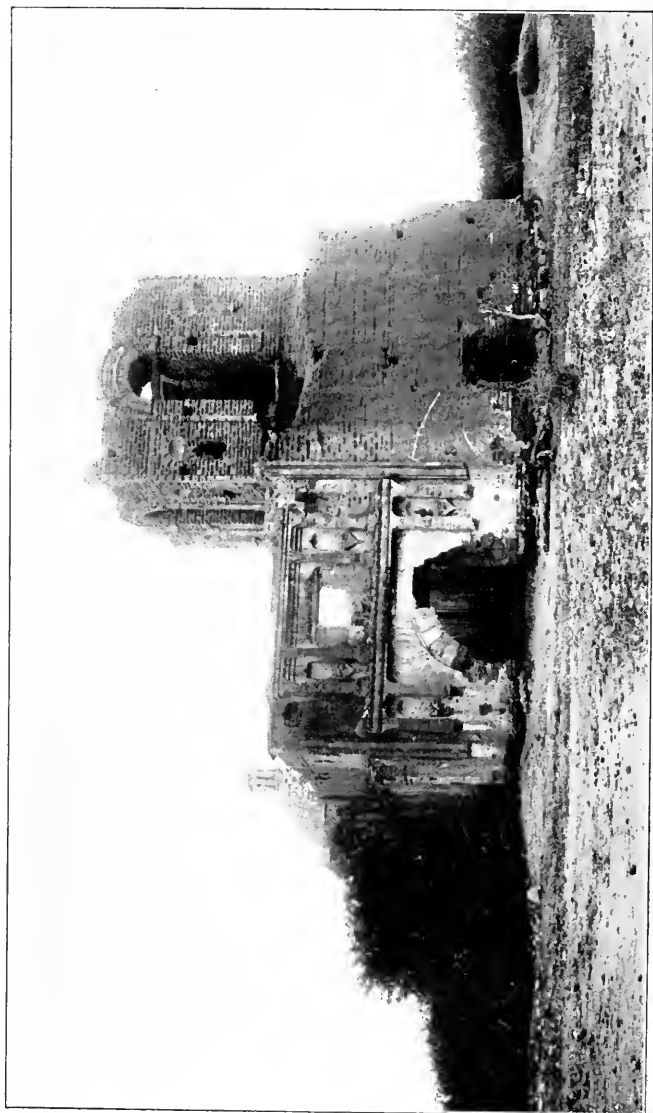
But as the country became more thickly settled, the growing number of near neighbors, with their fence-jumping and crop-destroying cattle, annoyed Pennington, who, like most frontiersmen, wanted room, and wild game, and freedom from the disadvantages of too close association with his fellows. So, leaving his family behind, he cruised to the West and South in search of still another and more secluded home, finally choosing a location about one hundred and fifty miles southwest, near Keechi, not far from the Brazos River. During his absence the mother died and was buried at Honey Grove, leaving the family, the youngest a child in arms, in the care of the older children. So, diminished by one, the Penningtons, thirteen in number, again loaded their wagons and restlessly pushed on to a newer frontier. Here they remained three or four years when it was finally resolved, early in 1857, to join a wagon train for Golden California.

The train, which was well equipped and provisioned, was commanded by one Sutton, the Penningtons having three wagons drawn by oxen and mules. The road led westward by easy stages and without misadventure until they encountered the flooded Rio Pecos, which they were obliged to ford. Sturdy

Jim, the oldest boy, and his father's right hand man, guided his oxen through the flood, swimming his horse beside them and encouraging the leaders by his speech as only he knew how, until they dragged the wagons through.

A number of cattle driven with the train were drowned at this point, but the most serious damage was to the family Bible and to the children's school books, which were injured by the water. Once safely through, loads were unpacked, water-soaked articles were dried, the wagons repacked and the journey resumed. From the Pecos the route lay through Paso del Norte, up the Rio Grande to Mesilla, through Cooke's Canyon and westward across rolling plains to the boundary of present-day Arizona, into which they passed through Doubtful Canyon. From this point they crossed the San Simon Valley, threaded the long and dangerous Apache Pass, pushed on across the Sulphur Spring valley to Dragoon Springs, crossed the San Pedro, probably south of modern Benson, and finally, in June, 1857, reached Old Fort Buchanan on the Sonora, where Captain Ewell was then in command.

The road over which the little caravan passed was a dangerous one, a guard always being placed at night, with a double guard at Apache Pass, of sinister history. For fear of the Apaches little hunting was done, but an occasional animal was slaughtered out of the driven herd. The train was well supplied with bacon, flour, dried fruits and



TUMACACORI MISSION NEAR TUBAC, ARIZ.

other provisions; and with a small stock of household goods and farming tools. Progress was slow. Fifteen miles was a good day's journey, the distance travelled being governed by the watering places along the road.

The Arizona of 1857 was a wilderness almost unknown to Americans except along overland lines of travel. There were a few squalid Mexican settlements, and the Missions of the Santa Cruz valley; beaver hunters from the north and east had crossed it; and following the Gadsden purchase the government began the establishment of military posts within the newly acquired territory, at that time attached to Dona Ana County, New Mexico. Almost all business related in some way to the United States army. Contracts for wild hay were let by the government to supply the cavalry, and whipsawed lumber was brought down from the mountains for the construction of military posts under whose protection little farms began to produce home grown supplies. Freighting was perhaps the most important business of that day, military supplies, merchandise for trade, machinery for the mines, and commodities of all kinds, were brought hundreds of miles from East and West, by means of slow moving ox teams. There were but few domestic cattle at this time, although there were considerable numbers of wild horses and cattle. These were sometimes hunted, and sometimes were captured by means of extended lines of horsemen converging upon cor-

rals arranged to receive them. Antelope, deer, bear, and wild turkeys were numerous, and the Apaches regarded the whole of this vast region as their hunting ground.

In its general outlines, of course, the country was the same then as now, but in details it differed greatly. Everywhere the plains were grass covered to an extent unknown at the present time, the ranges being now as a rule over-grazed. The valley bottoms were covered by a dense growth of perennial Sacaton grass, oftentimes as high as the head of a horseman and so thick and tall that cattle, horses and men were easily concealed by it. Indeed, in early days it was necessary to drive cattle out upon the mesas at the time of the rodeos, where they could be seen and handled. The uplands were well covered with a variety of nutritious grasses, such as the perennial black grama, and the many annuals that spring into growth during the summer rainy season. The abundant vegetation, both on highlands and in valley bottoms, restrained the flood waters resulting from the torrential storms of the region, so that there was no erosion in valley bottoms. Instead, the rainfall soaked into the soil and made grass. Sloughs and marshy places were common along the San Simon, the San Pedro, the Santa Cruz, and other streams, and even beaver were abundant in places where it would now be impossible for them to live. The abundant grass made range fires common, these often being set by the Indians to drive game.

In comparison with modern Arizona, shorn of its grass by cattle and with its bare valley bottoms torn open by erosion, the primitive wilderness of sixty years ago was verdure clad and beautiful, and doubtless attractive to the adventurous Americans who entered, presumably under the protection of their government, just before the Civil War.

At Fort Buchanan, the hardships of the journey began to tell upon our travelers. Some of the animals gave out and Larcena Pennington fell ill with mountain fever. The family, with their three wagons and their cattle, were thus forced to drop out of the train. While waiting for the stricken sister to recover the men undertook a contract for wild hay for the Fort, which, of course, was garrisoned by cavalry. Laboriously, with scythes, hand rakes, forks and wagons they completed their contract, but were then obliged to wait weeks for their pay. Meantime, the Apaches raided them and drove off their stock, leaving them in grim earnest in the heart of an unknown and dangerous country.

Let us pause for a moment to become better acquainted with the members of this hardy family at the time when adverse fortune called upon them to face a life of hardship and adventure most remarkable even among the annals of the pioneers.

Pennington, himself, was a South Carolinian, of Revolutionary stock, and English descent. He was an exceptional figure—tall, straight and strong, weighing about 190 pounds. His features were

aquiline and handsome, eyes blue, full bearded, in later years clean shaven. He was a man of great determination and courage in the midst of the dangers that surrounded him, although, perhaps from policy, he avoided as much as possible direct encounters with the Indians that overran the country. He was a good farmer, hunted in time of need for his family, and for much of the time kept wagons and teams busy in the freighting business in what is now southern Arizona. He was affectionate to his family, and by those who knew him personally, is described as having been a sober and very quiet man.

Jim, the oldest of the children, was a tall, raw-boned, red-faced young fellow, not so large as his father, quiet and hard-working. He was especially skillful with oxen. His friend Oteno speaks of seeing him unload logs from the Santa Rita mountains by sending the two leading spans to the back of the load where they pulled off the logs one by one while the wheel oxen held the wagon in place. In all this they were guided mainly by the voice of their driver.

Jack, the second boy, seems to have taken part in many enterprises of the time,—freighting, handling cattle, washing gold on the Hassayampa. He was affectionate and loyal to his family and friends. On one occasion, at the Cooke's Canyon ambushade in 1861, when one of his party was wounded and about to be left to the Apaches, though only a boy

of eighteen, he leveled his rifle upon his companions and compelled them to rescue the wounded man. Green was a tall, quiet boy who liked to be with his father. He seems to have been especially loved by his sisters. He also was affectionate and loyal,



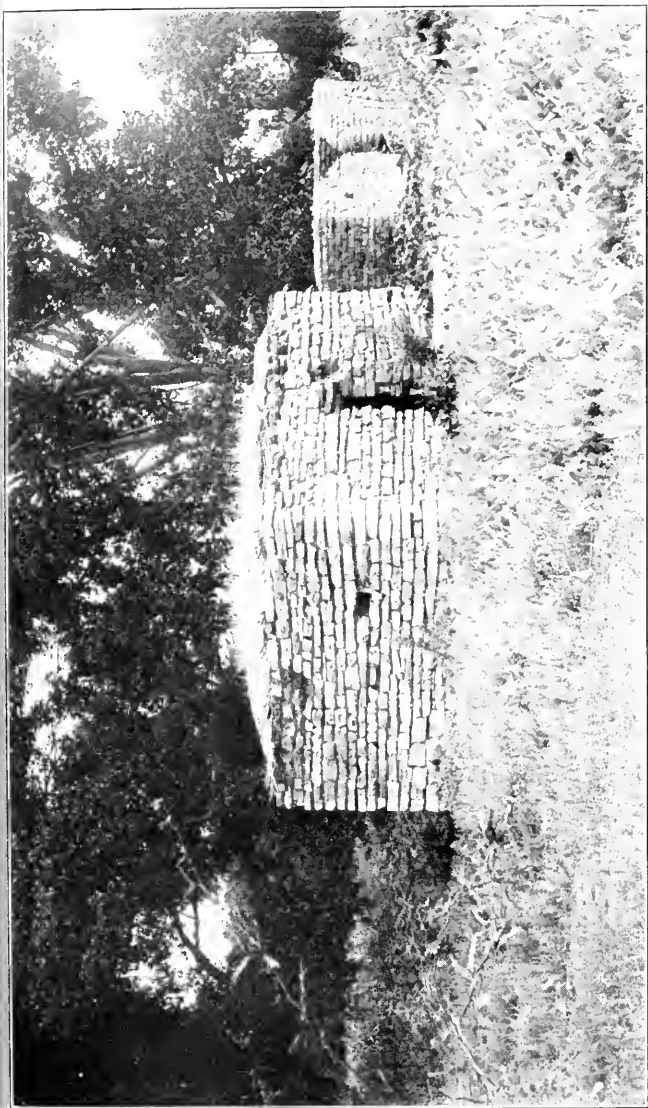
MARY PENNINGTON.

losing his life finally in defense of his father's body at the time of the ambushade on the Sonoita. All of the men were especially kind and chivalrous toward the women of their household, a trait consistent with their southern origin.

Of the daughters, the older took charge of the motherless family. One of them, Ellen, taught the younger children to read, others helped the men with field work, sometimes they did sewing for the officers' wives at the Fort. There were eight of them in all, vigorous and capable, able to ride and handle firearms, cheerfully making the best of the hard life they were obliged to endure.

Thus equipped in experience and character the Penningtons, with stout hearts, set about making a home and a living for themselves in the midst of an Indian infested wilderness. A ditch was taken out of the Sonoita below Buchanan, and a small field of corn, pumpkins, squashes, beans and vegetables was planted. The money for the hay contract came, more animals were purchased and the family moved over to the Santa Cruz, where we hear of them in the old Gandara house at Calabasas in September, 1859; at the stone house near the Mexican line in 1860; on the Sonoita a few miles below Buchanan in the same year; at the stone house again and at the Mowry mine in 1861 and 1862. They moved often, from restlessness, from fear of the Indians and because of the slender advantages to be gained here and there from a change.

At first they escaped personal injury, although the Apaches were seen from time to time, and their fields were occasionally robbed of green corn and vegetables. Indeed, the Indians themselves stated subsequently, at a time of truce, that they spared

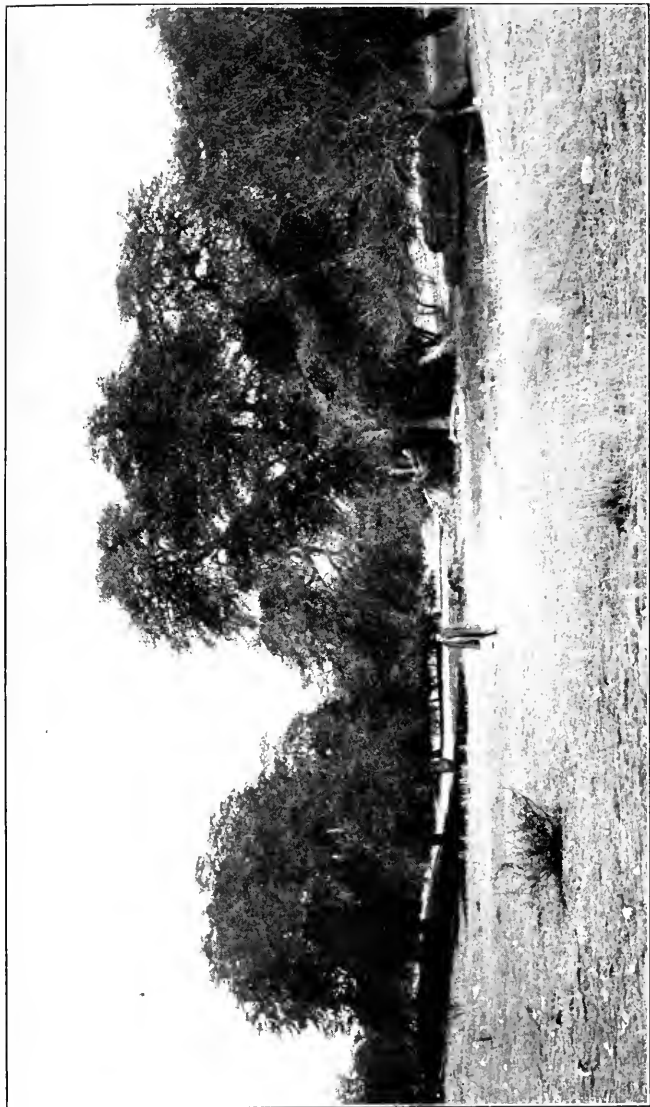


THE PENNINGTON STONE HOUSE ON THE SANTA CRUZ NEAR THE MEXICAN BORDER.

the Penningtons for a time because they could usually steal of them the provisions they needed on their way to and from Mexico.

Meanwhile, in December, 1858, Larcena Pennington married John Hempstead Page, in Tucson, which at that time was a little adobe town of a few hundred souls, mostly Mexicans. Mr. Page was then engaged, in partnership with Captain Reynolds, in whip-sawing pine lumber in Madera Canyon in the Santa Ritas, and in hauling it to Tucson—a perilous but paying business at a time when the U. S. quartermaster paid 25 cents a foot for boards. And so it happened that, in March, 1860, Mrs. Page, desiring to escape the chills and fever that then prevailed in Tucson, persuaded her husband to take her with him for the next load of lumber. It was doubtless a jolly party—Page, his wife, the little Mexican girl, Mercedes, whom Mrs. Page was teaching to read, and Reynolds, that travelled the old road under the big mesquites, up the Santa Cruz to the Canoa, then turned eastward and drew near to the mouth of the canyon behind their slow moving oxen.

Self-reliant and careless, after the manner of that day, they gave little thought to danger or to the party of five Apaches that were even then watching them from the hills flanking the mouth of the canyon. They pitched their tent that night beside the running stream flowing from the canyon and installed a few items of bedding and furniture they



Old Ft. Buchanan, as it looks to-day.

had brought along. This camp was not at the Big Rock where still stand the ruins of a stone house and corral, but was about two miles below. The night passed without incident and breakfast was disposed of early next morning. Reynolds took his gun and went after game, while Page, about ten o'clock rode up the canyon to see about his next load of lumber.

Mrs. Page and little Mercedes were thus left alone, exposed to the Indians, who had been watching them since the day before. Soon after her husband's departure, Mrs. Page was resting in her rocker in the tent, when her little dog began to bark. Then a scream from the child outside, who had been gathering bright colored oakballs, warned her of danger. The little girl was quickly caught by the approaching Indians and, immediately, Mrs. Page saw them entering the doorway. She sprang to the bed and seized a pistol that lay under the turned-up covers, but the weapon was wrested from her before she could shoot. She tried to run but was stopped. One of the Indians spoke a little Spanish, and by words and signs told her (what was not true) that they had just killed Mr. Page as he drank at a spring, and that the saddle they carried was his. Mrs. Page began to scream for help, but one of the Apaches put his lance to her breast and threatened to kill her if she did not stop. The Indians then proceeded to loot the camp, cutting open sacks of flour, scattering the provisions and making

ready to go with whatever they could take away. The camp was quickly spoiled, and the Apaches, with their prisoners and plunder, began their flight. A little way from the ruined camp they stopped to rip open a feather bed they had been trying to carry. Until this time Mrs. Page had remained unterrified, feeling a certain contempt for her savage captors; but when she saw her precious feather bed thus cruelly assailed, she seemed to realize fully her danger and screamed again, but her captors once more stopped her by threatening her with their lances; and the party started along a well beaten trail that led along the side of the mountain, almost north.

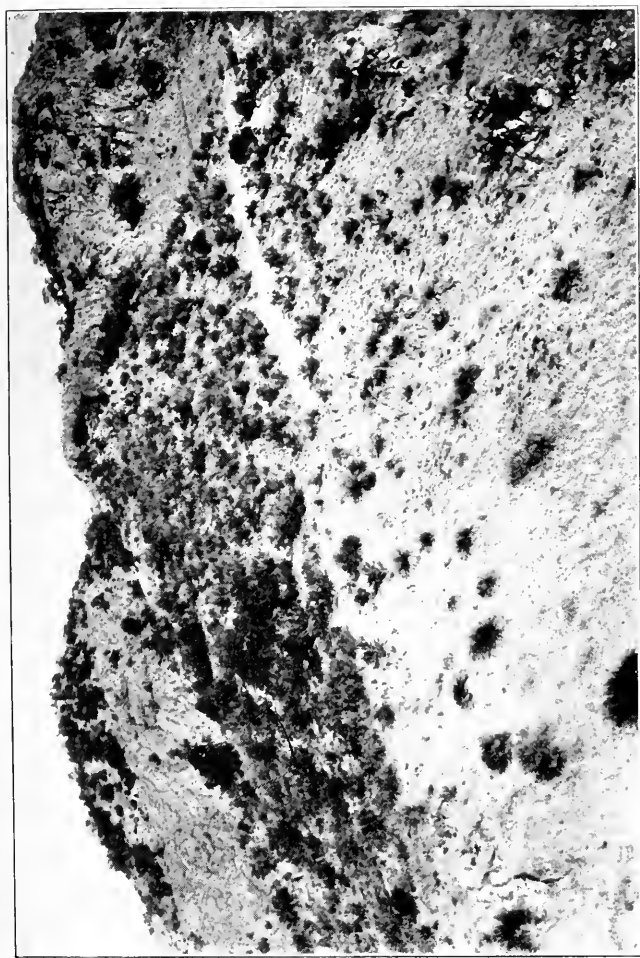
The five Indians in the party were young with one exception—an older man who spoke Spanish. They were armed only with bows and arrows, and lances. The prisoners were not molested except when their captors, evidently in high glee at their success, pretended to ambush them from behind trees or playfully pointed the captured pistol at them. One of the Apaches melted snow in his hands for them to drink. Mrs. Page was pushed or pulled up steep places in the trail and Mercedes was carried pick-a-back. Their hats were restored to them from the plunder and fair progress was made, the savages seeking safety in one of their camps on the San Pedro. One of the Apaches, an ugly black fellow, was pointed out to Mrs. Page as her future owner and this may have accounted for the mercy shown.

The journey continued to the northeast and north

through hilly country. Mrs. Page began, secretly, to tear off bits of her dress and bend twigs along the trail to guide a following party. She told the little girl to do this also, but the Apaches stopped them and forbade them to speak to each other again.

In this fashion they travelled all day, one of the party staying behind to warn them of pursuit. Mrs. Page talked a little in Spanish with her captors. The older man said that this country was once all theirs, but that now many of their people had been killed by the whites—"pong, pong, pong." Mrs. Page answered as best she could, keeping in good courage and hoping for rescue by the party she knew must soon follow.

Just before sunset the Apache travelling behind to warn the party of pursuit, ran up saying that the Americans were coming. The pace quickened, but Mrs. Page, exhausted with the day's travel, could not go faster. As they went up a narrow ridge with a steep slope on one side, they made her take off her spencer and heavy skirt, again telling her (she thought by way of warning) that the Americans had killed many of their people. They motioned her to go on; then as she turned and started she felt a lance in her back and sprang forward and fell down the steep side of the hill. The Apaches followed, thrusting at her with lances and striking her with rocks, until she lodged against a big pine tree and one of the Indians stunned her with a stone. The savages, thinking her dead, dragged



THE OLD APACHE TRAIL EAST OF HELVETIA, ARIZ. Here Mrs. Page was left for dead.

her behind a tree where she might not be seen from the trail, and taking her shoes left her in a bank of snow. Reviving shortly after, she heard the Americans on the trail above, and her husband's voice, referring to the trail, saying, "Here it is, boys." She tried to move and speak, but was too weak to make them hear, and they passed on, being deceived by the fact that one of the Apaches had just put on her shoes. They followed this false trail beyond the Catalina Mountains, where it was lost, and the party went to Tucson to equip a second, and, finally, a third expedition to rescue the prisoners. When her husband's party had passed on, Mrs. Page again lost consciousness and lay at the pine tree, she thinks, about three days. Her wounds, fortunately, were cooled by the snow and, finally, she again revived.

To understand the heroic and almost unbelievable effort for life now made by this young woman of twenty-three, we must remember that she was in the hills just east of the present site of Helvetia; bruised with stones and cut with sixteen lance wounds in her back and arms, without shoes, water or food, almost without clothes, and without a beaten pathway, for she feared to follow back along the Indian trail. There is no doubt of the locality for she clearly remembered that, after travelling northeast and north all day, just before she was attacked, she saw down in the plain toward the setting sun, a small sharp-pointed hill. There is but one such landmark on

the route and distance travelled, and that is Huerfano Hill, about three miles west of Helvetia. She must, therefore, have fallen at a point twelve or fifteen miles from the camp left that morning and she remembered that Page afterwards told her it was fifteen miles.

Gathering her strength for the effort, she attended to her wounds as best she could, ate a little snow to slake her thirst, then crawled down the slope to level ground and slept. Awaking at sunrise she knew the directions back to camp, since it was sunset when she was struck down. Being weak from loss of blood, and without shoes, she was soon unable to stand; but day by day she crept on, partly supporting herself on her hands and subsisting on seeds, herbage and wild onions, with snow water to drink. Night by night (unable to lie on her back because of her wounds) she crouched upon her knees and arms on the ground and dreamed of food; but when in her sleep she reached out for the pot of beans before her, she awoke to find her hands clutching only gravel. Once she came to a bear's nest and longed to lie in the mass of soft grass and leaves, but dared not and crept away. And so her terrible journey continued for about ten days. Her feet became filled with small stones; her bare shoulders were blistered with the hot sun; her head was a mass of clotted blood; and yet she kept on—desperately, indomitably on, to the southward. Then at last she came to a point on a high ridge

overlooking the road that led into Madera Canyon and saw below her some men with an ox team near the camp from which she had been taken. She could hear their voices plainly, and the sound of blows struck on their wagon tires. She tied her petticoat to a stick and waved it and screamed, but could not make them hear, and they passed on. Again she resumed her fearful journey and in two days more reached the teamster's camp, where she found fire still smouldering in a log by the roadside. Then she carried a stick on fire at one end to her husband's ruined camp nearby, where she scraped up some flour and some coffee yet remaining on the ground. Tearing a square piece from her clothing and putting the flour on it, she went down to the stream nearby and mixed a little pat of dough and baked it at her fire. After she had eaten the bread and some of the coffee, and had bathed her wounds, she was refreshed and slept the night there. Next morning she started up the road to the sawyers' camp, probably the one at the Big Rock. As she drew near she was seen, but not at first recognized. With clotted hair and gaping wounds, nearly naked, emaciated and sunburned, she was at first mistaken for an unfortunate outcast squaw and the men ran for their guns. She called to them that she was Mrs. Page and was finally recognized; but one, Smith, declared that she was a spirit, unable to believe that she could return alive after more than two weeks of such hardship. One

of the men then carried her into the camp, where she was fed and washed and clothed with rough but sympathizing care, and a courier sent to Tucson for a doctor.

The messenger reached Tucson just as Mr. Page was about to start on a third attempt to find his wife. He had followed the trail from the looted camp through the Rincons to a point beyond the Catalinas. Then he returned and went out again; and again returned for still another party. These expeditions must have taken a number of days and roughly confirm the statement that it was sixteen days from the time Mrs. Page was captured until her return. After two days she was taken to Tucson, where she fully recovered. The little girl, Mercedes, captured with her, was exchanged later by Captain Ewell for certain of his Apache prisoners. She grew to womanhood and became the wife of Charles A. Shibell, well known as a pioneer, and for many years recorder of Pima County.

But the desperate and almost incredible adventure of Mrs. Page was only a warning to the Penningtons of disasters to come—little heeded, however, in those days when danger was the atmosphere to which men and women were too well accustomed. For ten years, until the remnants of the broken family went back to Texas, the traditions of the Sonoita and the Santa Cruz are full of their personalities and adventures. Only a year later, in March or April, 1861, Mr. Page was ambushed and

killed by Apaches north of Tucson while conducting a load of goods to old Camp Grant. He was buried where he fell, at the top of the hill beyond Samaniego's ranch, on the old road; and all that Mrs. Page ever saw of him was his handkerchief, his purse and a lock of his hair. Her daughter, Mary, was born in September of that year, and shortly afterward she rejoined her father's family at the Stone House on the Santa Cruz. This location was a most dangerous one, however, although the Penningtons were strangely spared by the Apaches themselves while they lived here. The Indians were at their worst during the early sixties, the country being virtually unprotected by the Federal government at a time when the energies of that government were engrossed by the Civil War.

On one occasion, about this time, Mrs. Page and her baby girl fled with others to the Mowry Mine, which was fortified and offered protection from the Apaches. But smallpox broke out among the refugees, Mrs. Page and her baby being among those attacked. Mowry nursed his smallpox patients as best he knew how, but nearly starved them to death on a scanty diet of flour and water, believing that "no grease" should be fed to those ill of this disease. Most of the patients, however, recovered from both the disease and the treatment. Not long after, in June, 1862, Mowry was arrested by Federal authorities, his mine was confiscated, and he was sent to Fort Yuma as a Rebel sympathizer.

We now hear of the Penningtons, in 1862 and 1863, at the old Gandara house at Calabasas. Next, they are in Tucson in 1863; in Tubac in 1864; at the Soporí Ranch from 1866 to 1868; at Tubac again in 1868; and, at Fort Crittenden in 1869. This restless, almost nomadic, life was characteristic of the time and reminds us of the story of Kirkland, another pioneer of that day, of whom it was said that after he had lived a short time in one place his chickens would come up and suggest another move by turning over on their backs to have their legs tied!

But before going further with the personal narrative in which we are concerned, let us pause to take note of the conditions that confronted the pioneers from 1860 to 1870.

Of government there was little, except what was enforced by each man for himself. Until Arizona became a separate territory in 1863, the Gadsden Purchase was attached to Dona Ana County, New Mexico, with the only available court of justice at Mesilla. Sometimes criminals were turned over to the army officers at the posts, but more frequently they were summarily dealt with.

Gradually, under the new Territorial government, courts were established in the larger towns; but the annals of the time are commonplace with bloodshed and violence, and murderous crimes which sometimes met with swift reprisal, but which too often remained unpunished.

Over all this thinly settled region hung the Apache scourge. During this whole decade these Indians plundered and murdered almost at will. For a time, in 1861 and 1862, even the United States troops were withdrawn and the Apaches, believing this to be from fear of themselves, became bolder and more murderous than before. Truces with the government, in which good behavior was promised in return for rations, were always broken; and the unsettled policy toward the Indians accomplished nothing toward their reformation or control. The settlers in fact had a very poor opinion of the military protection which was afforded them at this time and for the most part took the matter into their own hands. With what determination they did this is attested by the annals of such men as Pete Kitchen and William Rhoades, King Woolsey, Bill Oury, and many others like them, who held this country at a time when it was practically abandoned by its own government.

The commerce of southern Arizona at this time related mainly to mining enterprises and to the troops. Mining machinery, supplies for military posts and manufactured articles for trade all had to be expensively freighted from the nearest landing places at Guaymas and Yuma, or overland by way of Texas. Government contracts for wild hay for the posts, and for lumber, were an important source of revenue to adventurous takers. High prices offered for corn and other farm products stimu-

lated agricultural industry near the military posts; and the first herds of American cattle were brought in from Texas to make rations for the presumably peaceful Apaches.

The main route of travel at that time was the California overland road which traversed southern Arizona from east to west and which connected with military posts, mining camps, and irrigated valleys throughout the region. Oxen were used at first for freighting purposes. They were strong and gentle, did not stray readily, and required no harness, which was very expensive in those days. They made the best draught animals as long as there was abundant grass for them along the road. In time, however, as the grass was eaten out, and feed had to be carried, mules and horses, which eat less, replaced the oxen. Freight rates were 7 to 8 cents a pound from Yuma to Tucson; and 9 to 10 cents a pound from Yuma to Calabasas. From Tucson to Calabasas the rate was 1 cent, and from Tubac to Tucson $\frac{1}{2}$ cent a pound. The U. S. quartermasters paid $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound for corn; and 25 cents a foot for rough pine boards from the Santa Rita mountains.

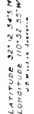
Under such conditions and with such incentives, the Penningtons, like others of their time, engaged in whatever afforded the best returns for the time being, moving frequently as convenience or interest required. From the records of the time and from the testimony of a few yet living who knew them,

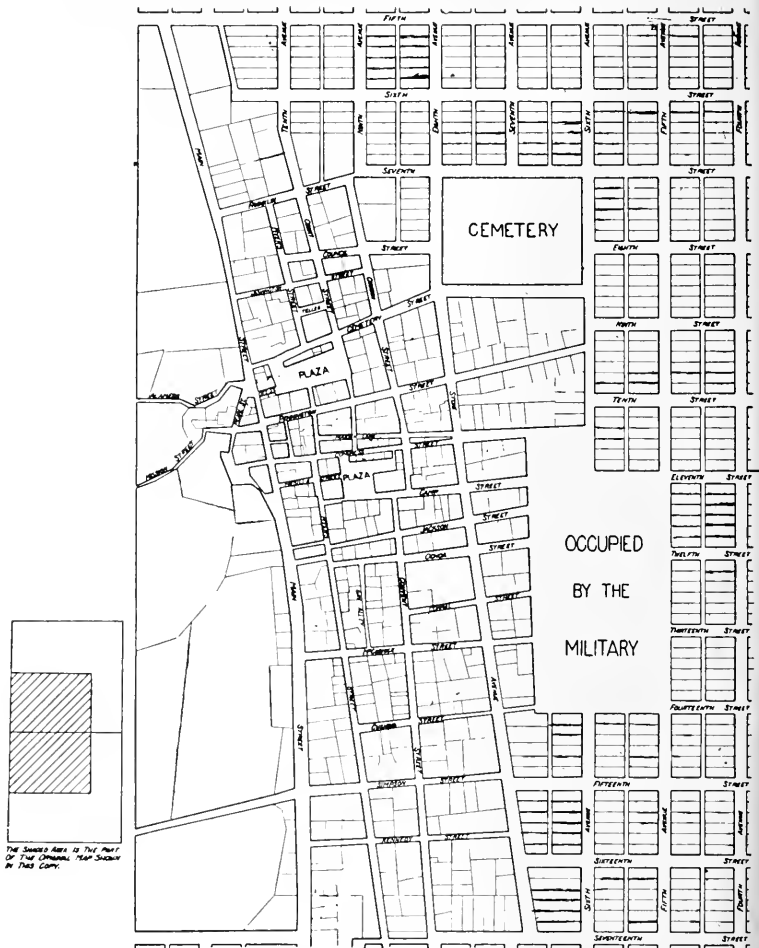
we gather a scant account of their varied and active life. In December, 1859, Jim Pennington located a homestead on the Santa Cruz and in 1865 testifies, "I have lived upon the same at all times only such as I was compelled to leave on account of Indians and the unsettled condition of the country." In August, 1861, Jack Pennington appears at Cooke's Canyon in New Mexico in the ambush of a wagon train enroute for the Rio Grande. In the course of the fracas one of the party was wounded and about to be left behind, when Jack, who was but a boy, with his levelled rifle compelled his companions to place the wounded man in a wagon, thus finally saving him. In 1864 we again hear of him washing gold on the Hassayampa; and finally, in 1870, he came back from Texas to aid the broken family to return there.

The main occupation of the family was freighting, and the Penningtons, with their heavy wagons and teams of twelve to fourteen oxen, were much of the time on the road. Thus we hear of them—Jim in a fight with a small war party that ambushed him and captured his oxen, on his way to the Patagonia mine; and on other occasions at Oatman Flat on the Yuma road. Much of the time the men were cutting lumber in Madera Canyon in the Santa Ritas and hauling it to Tubac where there was a sawmill, to the Cerro Colorado and other mines for timbers, and to Tucson. At Tucson for a time they operated a saw pit in the street originally called the Calle del



MAP OF
TUCSON
ARIZONA TER.
SUNSHINE BY CAROL OF
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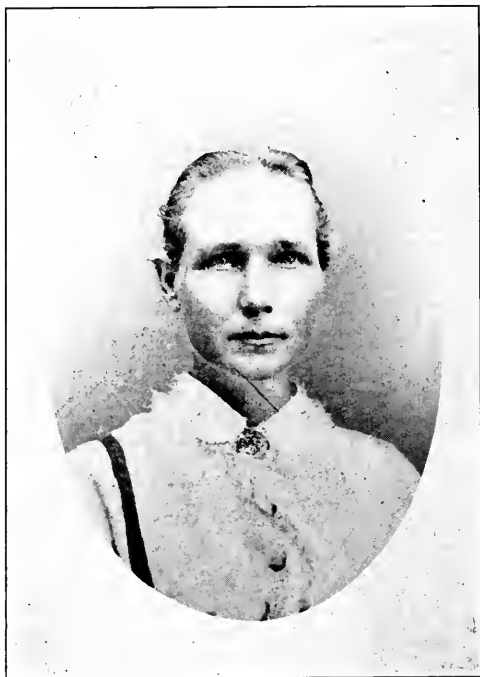
PORTION OF OFFICIAL MAP OF THE CITY OF TUCSON, S. W.
 FOREMAN, SURVEYOR. APPROVED AND ADOPTED JUNE 26, 1872.
 SIDNEY R. DELONG, MAYOR. WILLIAM J. OSBORN, RECORDER.
 Traced from Original Map Sept. 1, 1915, by A. L. Enger.

Arroyo. As the name signifies, this street was, at least partly, in an arroyo or dry water course that lay immediately to the south of the old walled town. This depression, or arroyo, was conveniently utilized as a saw pit by throwing across it timbers on which to support the pine logs, which were then whip-sawed into boards by men standing, one in the arroyo and the other on the log above. In course of time, when the streets of the old Mexican town were renamed, the Calle del Arroyo was called Pennington Street after the men whose rude place of business it was; and so it remains to-day. It was while hauling lumber to Tucson, in August, 1868 that Jim Pennington finally met his fate. Camping by the road north of San Xavier, his oxen were stolen by Apaches during the night. Next morning he and his teamster pursued the Indians, but were ambushed in the hills west of Tucson and Jim was killed. He was buried first at Tucson, afterward at the Sopori Ranch, where a wooden head-board still marks his grave.

Of the women—those who waited anxiously at home for the news of disaster that they continually expected—we also catch occasional glimpses.

C. B. Genung relates that in April, 1864, he found the Pennington women, with two boys and little Mary Page, living in Tubac. Except for them the place seemed to be abandoned at that time, and the danger from Indians was great. Every morning the two boys, with guns as long as them-

selves, carefully reconnoitered each side of the path to the spring from which the women then carried the water supply for the day. The Sopori Ranch,



JANE PENNINGTON (MRS. WM. CRUMPTON), about 1885.

about ten miles from Tubac, was also their abiding place from 1866 to 1868. This was an extremely dangerous location, being in the path of Apache war parties passing to and from Mexico. The ranch house was fortified, with stone walls sur-

rounding it and with the walls pierced by port holes for guns. They were never attacked here although the dove and turkey calls used by the Indians as signals were sometimes heard. One morning the youngest sister, Josephine, picketed her favorite pony a short distance below the Sopori Ranch house, but she had not reached the door before an Apache ran out from the bushes, jumped on the horse and made off with him.

Notwithstanding the danger, these brave women made the most of a hard situation. They cultivated a small field in the adjacent creek bottom, irrigating it from a ditch that flowed close under the little rocky hill on which their fortress home was perched. Under the walnut trees that fringed the ditch they did their washing, and many an hour was passed in sewing, which was all done by hand.

A small separate building was set aside as a schoolroom, and here the older sister, Ellen, who had gone to school in Texas, taught the younger children with the help of the Bible and the battered school books that had been brought through the Pecos years before. For amusement they had to depend upon themselves. They had little intercourse with Americans except for occasional passers by, from whom we have several accounts of them at this time.

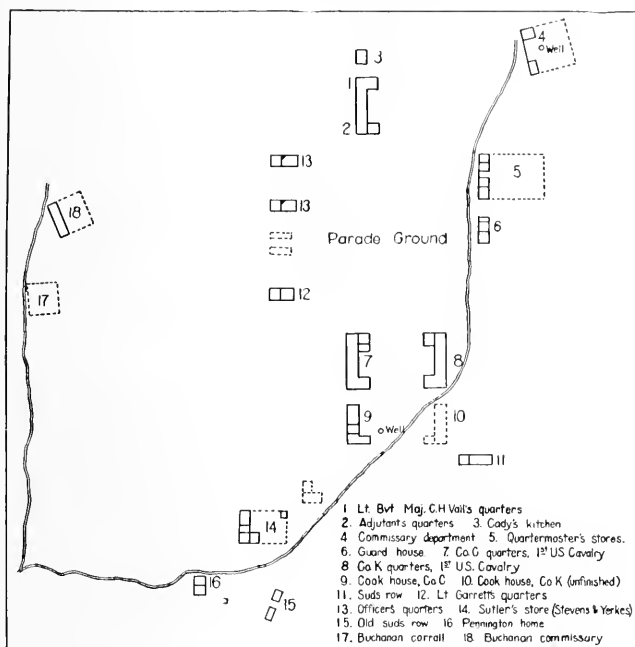
Oftentimes, at the Sopori, at the close of day, when the men were due to return from a freighting trip, the women would watch and wait with dread



Old Sorori Ranch showing port hole beside the broken window.

and apprehension, fearing disaster, until the crack of the long whip and a well known voice encouraging the oxen, would finally reassure them.

There was much fever in this region also, in early days, due to the grass grown and swampy condition



OLD FORT CRITTENDEN.

of the river bottoms, with consequent mosquitoes and malaria. A sister, Ann, died here in 1867 and was buried in the Sopor Cemetery.

At about this time, also, Ellen, the older sister,



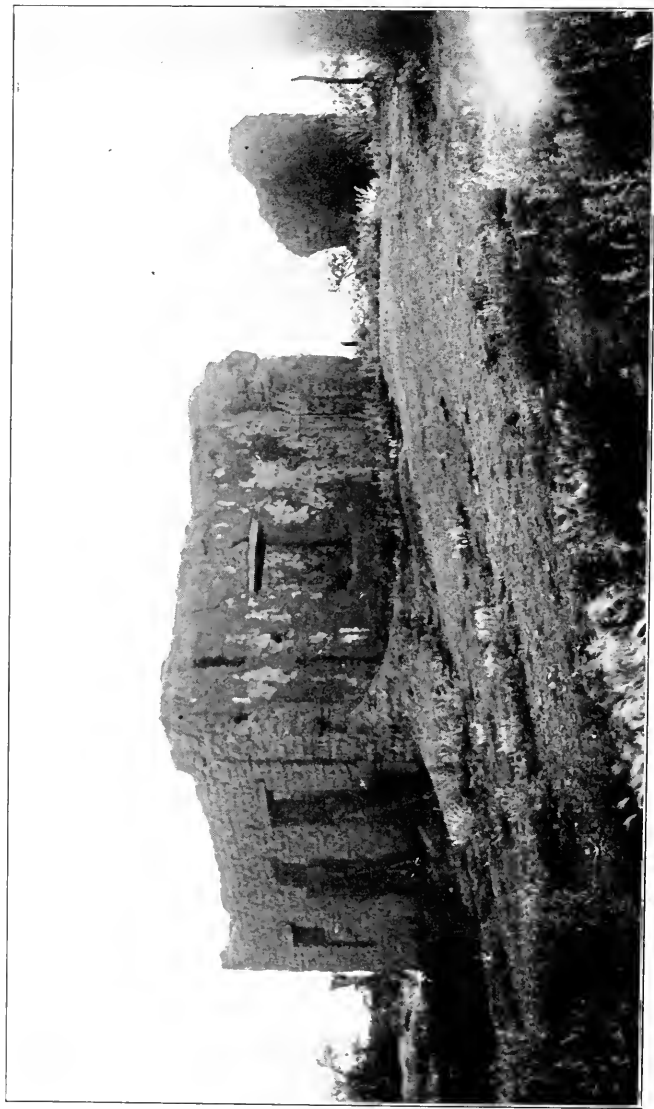
A SCENE IN TUBAC (1915) ONCE THE PRINCIPAL TOWN IN ARIZONA. Pennington house on extreme right.

married one Barnett, who was a member of the first Territorial Legislature.

Diminished in numbers, the Penningtons drifted back to Tubac in 1868 and to Fort Crittenden in 1869, probably hoping for greater security there.

But in June, 1869, the Apaches again took heavy toll of this devoted family, this time killing the father and Green, now grown to manhood. These two were at work in their field on the Sonoita about fourteen miles below Fort Crittenden. The father was plowing, with his rifle slung to his plow-handles, while Green was repairing an irrigating ditch some distance away. Just after the older man had turned back on his land, the savages in ambush shot him down from behind. The boy might have escaped, but not knowing that his father was dead, remained to fight off the Apaches. He was mortally hurt, but finally reached the ranch house where he remained until rescued by cavalry from the fort, to which the alarm had been carried meantime. Green, and his father's body, were brought to the Fort, where eight days later the young man died. These two, father and son, were buried in the cemetery on top of a little hill just above the railroad cut nearest the site of old Fort Buchanan. Mr. Sidney R. DeLong, then quartermaster of the Fort, read the burial service over them.

With the loss of their father and two brothers, the broken family now gave up the unequal contest with



THE CANOA, AN IMPORTANT STATION IN EARLY DAYS, THE SCENE OF MANY TRAGEDIES.

adverse fortune. The remaining sisters, with a young brother and little Mary Page, now put their slender belongings together and came to Tucson. Here they made a last effort to escape from this land of tragedies and outfitted for California. At the Point of Mountain, twenty miles on their road, the widowed sister, Ellen, became ill of pneumonia and the party returned to Tucson, where Ellen died. A little later, brother Jack, who had gone back to Texas some time before, came for them, and they returned with him shortly after. Only one of the original party found the way in later years to California, the land of promise for which they had set their faces years before.

Mrs. Page remained in Tucson, becoming the wife of William F. Scott in 1870, and living uneventfully at the old home on South Main Street until her death, March 31, 1913, at the age of 76 years.

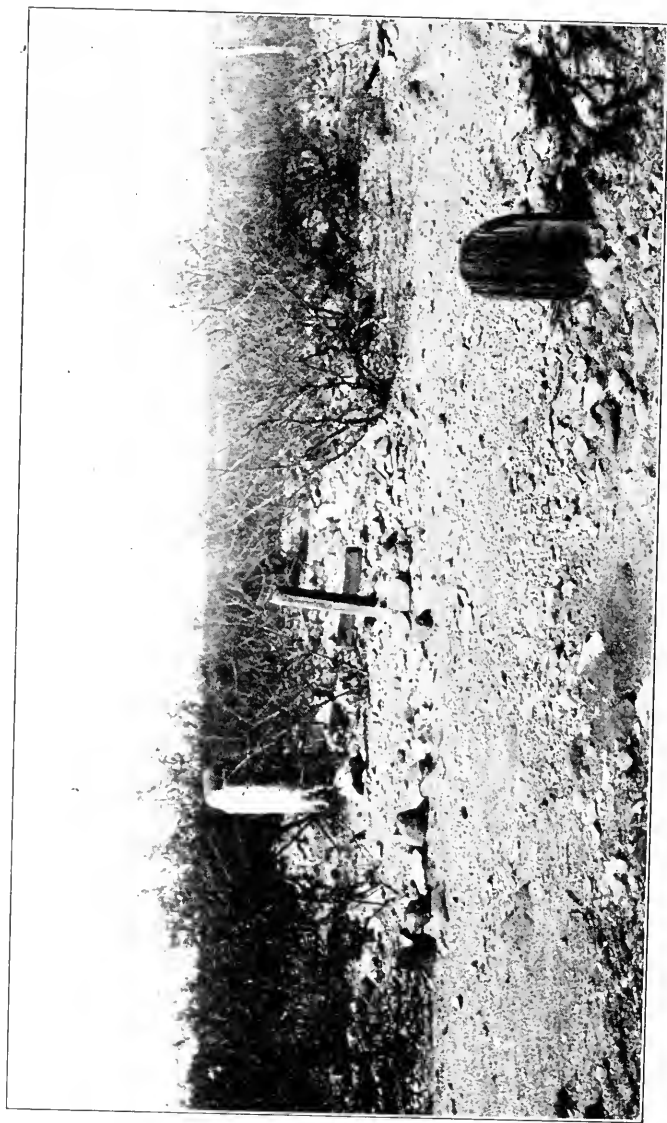
This plain chronicle of pioneer life in old Arizona contains little of romance to commend it even to a sympathetic reader. True, the story is ennobled by the heroism and unselfishness which appears in it from time to time,—Jack, refusing to leave a wounded companion to the savages; Green, sacrificing his life to help his father; the older sisters, taking charge of the motherless family; the men, constantly in danger to secure the necessities of life for those dependent upon them. But in the main, to those who lived it, the life must have seemed bar-

ren and disappointing at best, and purely tragic at the last when death put an end to the contest for so many of them.

There were compensations here and there; and it is interesting to learn from the pioneers themselves the motives that led many of them to accept and even prefer the hardships and dangers of the frontier. Pennington himself seems to have wanted elbow room, and freedom from the constraints of too close association with neighbors. Another expresses it by saying that many of the pioneers hated civilization. Some of them came to Arizona from the South after the Civil War in order to get as far as possible from the dominion of the government that had defeated them. One old miner, referring to his youth in Arizona in the sixties, said: "Oh, we were just young fellows out for a time." Tom Gardner said, in the same strain, "Well, you see, there was lively minin' then, lively hoss racin' and lively fightin'—everything was lively." Genung, tiring of the constraints of San Francisco in the days of the Vigilantes, said that it was excitement and adventure and freedom that attracted him to Arizona. Adventurousness, therefore, love of freedom and hatred of restraint, were qualities that characterized many of the men. As to the women, there were but few American women in the country in those days, and these, as a rule, not from choice, it is safe to say. Usually they chanced here through military connections or some adverse fortune that

diverted them from the California road. Without the society of their kind, often without the comforts of life, without the relief afforded by active adventure, and often in danger, they had no choice but to endure.

As a class the pioneers were an essential factor in early development. They constituted an independent citizen soldiery that cooperated with the troops while the country was being reclaimed from the Indians. They brought in military supplies; furnished hay and lumber to the posts; and in many cases were more effective than the soldiers themselves in expeditions against the Apaches. Many of the older mines were located and worked by them; and the possibilities of agriculture were also gradually shown. All this paved the way for civilized government, for immigration, and, finally, for the development of mining and agricultural industries. Too often the character of the pioneer unfitted him for the quieter conditions which he made possible. Too often, again, he was so broken by a life of hardship that he derived little benefit from the results of his own labor. Let us, then, looking back over their eventful lives, give them due homage for what they have accomplished for us in meeting the dangers and in overcoming the difficulties of our last Frontier.



OLD CEMETERY AT SOPORÍ RANCH HOUSE, SHOWING THE GRAVES OF JIM AND ANN PENNINGTON. Ann died at the Soporí, Jim was killed near Tucson in 1864 or 1865 and buried there, but his brother John afterward moved the body to the Soporí, "so that sister Ann would not be out there alone." The graves are marked by two rounded boards.

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